Fayetteville Observer.

N. O. Wallace,] "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's." [Proprietor.

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TERMS.

☞ **Two Dollars** for one year if paid at the time of subscription, **Two Dollars and Fifty Cents,** WITHOUT DEVIATION after the expiration of three months.

☞ **All Bills** for Advertisements, Job-Work, or Subscription, considered due when contracted, except against those with whom we have running accounts.

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☞ **No Paper** will be sent out of the county unless paid for in advance.

☞ Advertisements inserted at **One Dollar per Square of Twelve Lines or Less,** for the first insertion; **Fifty Cents** for each continuance.

☞ Persons advertising by the year, will be charged **Forty Dollars** for a whole column, **Twenty Dollars** for one-half, **Ten Dollars** for one-quarter. *No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.*

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☞ *No advertisement inserted gratuitously.*

☞ Advertisements of an abusive nature, *will not be inserted at any price.*

☞ **Job Printing,** *of* ALL *kinds, neatly done* on **New Type,** and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

☞ **No Paper** will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up—*except at the option of the Publisher.*

The Census of 1860.

The following excellent take-off on "Questions proposed to be asked by the census-takers of 1860," has been variously credited. Without attempting to settle the question of paternity, we present it as we find it:—

What is your age?

Where were you born?

Are you married, and if so, how do you like it?

How many children have you, and do they sufficiently resemble you as to preclude the possibility of their belonging to any of your neighbors?

Did you ever have the measles, and if so, how many?

Have you a twin brother several years older than yourself?

Have you parents, and if so, how many of them?

Do you read the New Testament regularly?

What is your fighting weight?

Which do you like best for light reading, "The Gunmaker of Moscow," by Cobb, or Seward's last speech?

How many times has your wife wished she was dead, and did you reciprocate the wish?

Do you use boughten tobacco?

Were you and your wife worth anything when married, and if not, what portion of her things were your'n, and your things were her'n?

How will the Heenan Sayers fight for the championship affect the sale of Hawthorne's Marble Faun?

If four barrels of emptiness poured on a barn floor will cover it, how many plays can Dion Bourcicault write in a year?

Are you troubled with biles?

How many empty bottles have you in the house?

How does your meerschaum color?

Have you all of Taylor's speeches on the horse railroad?

Are beans an article of regular diet in your family, and if so, how does it go?

State whether you are blind, deaf, idiotic, or have the heaves?.

How many chickens have you, and are they on foot or in the shell? Also how many succedaneums?

Is there a strawberry mark on your left arm?

Which food do you prefer, rum or mixed drinks?

State how much pork, impending crisis, Dutch cheese, popular sovereignty, standard poetry, Gayety papers, slave code, catnip, red flannel, Constitution and Union, old junk, perfumery, coal oil, liberty hoop-skirts, &c., you have on hand.

Persons liable to be "censussed" will do well to cut the above out and put it up in a conspicuous place.

The Alabama merchants cerce, that they have bought their goods this year at Charleston, at New York prices and on New York terms. No doubt of it, and we are glad to hear such good news of the Palmetto emporium.

Good Miscellany.

HOW BEN PURTLE GOT HIS WIFE.

A WESTERN STORY.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. He was red haired, and each hair stood as if it cherished the supremest contempt for his neighbor. His face was as red as the most bespotted turkey egg. His nose supported at the bridge a large lump, while the end turned viciously to one side. His mouth had every shape but a pretty shape. His form was as uncouth as his face was ugly.—The very climax of ugliness was Ben Purtle. What was more still, Ben had a handsome, bouncing, blooming wife—such as can only be grown upon a farm.

'How the deuce,' said I to Ben one day, 'did you ever get such a wife, you uncouth, misshapen, quintessence of monstrosity?'

Ben was not at all offended by the impertinence of my question, and forthwith began to solve the mystery thus:

'Well, now, gals what's sensible ain't cotched by none of your purty and hifalutin airs. I've seed that tried more'n once. You know Kate ware allers considerable the purtiest gal in these parts, and all the young fellers in the neighborhood used to try to cotch her. Well, I used to go over to old Sammy's, too, just to kinder look on, you know, and cast sheep's eyes at Kate. But marcy sakes! I had no more thought that I could get Kate than a Jerusalem cricket could hide on the hair that wasn't on old Sammy's bald head—no siree. But still I couldn't help going, an' my heart would kinder flutter, and my eyes would burn all over, whenever I'd go to talk with Katy. And one day when Kate sorter made fun of me like, it almost killed me sure; I went home with something like a rock jostling about in my breast, and declared I'd hang myself with the first plow-line I found.'

'Did you hang yourself?'

'No; daddy blazed out to me for not taking old Ball to the pasture in the morning, and scared me so that I forgot it.'

'Go on,' said I, seeing Ben pause with apparent regret that he had not executed his vow.

'Well, soon on Sunday morning—I reckon it was a year after that hanging scrape—I got up and scraped my face with daddy's old razor, and put on my new copprus britches, and a new linsey coat mammy had died with sassafras bark, and went over to uncle Sammy's. Now I'd got to loving Kate like all creation, but I never cheaped to anybody about my feelings. But I knowed I was on the right side of the old folks.'

'Well, now, ain't it queer,' continued Ben, 'how a fellow will feel sometimes? Something seemed to say as I went along, 'Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you,' and then my heart fluttered like a jay bird in a trap. And when I got there and seed Kate with her new checked home-spun frock on, I rily thought I should take the blind staggers, anyhow.'

Ben paused again to brush the fog from his eyes, then continued:

'Well, I found the order of the day was to go muscadine hunting. Joe Sharp and his two sisters, and Jim Bowles was thar. I'd knowed a long time that Sharp was right after Kate, and I hated him worse than a hog hates to find the way out of a tater patch; but I didn't let on.—Sharp had on white britches and fine shoes, and broadcloth overcoat, but everybody knowed he wasn't worth a red cent. He walked with Kate, and you ought to have seen the airs he put on. It was 'Miss Kate' this, and 'Miss Kate' that, and all such nonsense. After a while we came near a slough whar we had to cross on a log, and I'd a notion to pitch the sassy good-for-nothing into the water.'

'Why didn't you?' I asked.

'Stop, never mind,' said Ben giving me a nudge. 'Providence done that all up brown. Nothing must do but Joe Sharp must lead Miss Kate across fust. He jumped on the log in high glee and took Kate's hand, and they put off. Just as they got half way across, a tarnation big bull frog jumped off into the water—you know how they holler—'Snakes!' screamed the fool, and knocked Kate off up to her waist in the nasty, black, muddy water.—And what do you think he done? Why, run backwards and foreds, a hollerin' for a pole to help Kate out of the water. Kate looked at me, and I couldn't stand it no longer. Curchuck I lit ten feet from the bank at the first jump, and had Kate out of thar in no time. And d'ye think the scamp didn't come up after we'd got out, and said: 'Ar you hurt, Miss Kate?' '

'My dander was up. I couldn't stand it; I cotched him by the seat of his white britches and his coat collar and, gin him a toss. Maybe he didn't go clear under when he hit the water. I didn't see him out. Me and Kate put for the house. When we started off, Kate said:

'Ben, just let me hold on to your arm, I kinder feel sorter weak.'

'Great jiminy! I felt so queer when she took hold. I tried to say something nice, but my dretted mouth wouldn't go off, no how. But I felt as strong as an elephant, and helped Kate along. Bimby, Kate said:'

'Ben, that Joe Sharp's a good for nothing, sneakin', cowardly nobody; if he ever puts his head inside of our house again, I'll souse him with dish water, sure.'

'I tried to say something again, but hang the luck, I couldn't say nothing, but squeezed Kate's hand and sighed like a cranky bellus.'

We'd got clean out of sight of the others. Kate says:

'Ben, I feel that you are my protector, and I believe daddy's right, when he says you're worth all the rest of the boys in the neigh borhood.'

'Ben Purtle,' says I 'this is a great day for you,' and I made a tremendous effort to get my mouth off again, and out it popped sure enough.'

'Kate,' says I, trembling all over, 'I love you to distraction, and no mistake. I've loved you long and hard. My heart's been almost broken for years, and I want you to say right straight up and down, whether you're going to have me or not?'

'Kate hung down her head and didn't say nothing, but I felt encouraged, for she kinder sighed.—Says I, 'Kate ef you're gwine to have me say so, and ef you don't wan't to say so, just squeeze my hand.' '

'Well, she squeezed my hand right off. Lorry how I did feel. I felt like a stream of warm water or sassafras tea, sweetened with molasses, was running through my bones! —I just cotched her in my arms and kissed her, and she never tried the first time to get loose.'

Ben was so overcome with this narration of courtship, that a pause for breath was necessary.

'How long after that,' said I, 'before your were married?'

'Old Sammy was mighty proud, and so was the old 'oman, about the thing, and we married the next fall after the muscadine scrape.'

'Do you think your wife loves you yet?' I asked.

'Why, lordy, yes. She thinks I'm the purtiest and best feller in the world. I tell you, sir, its no use talking; hifalutin airs, and quality dressing, and cologne, and such things, ain't gwine to go down with sensible gals, sure.'

The man who was choked, while attempting to swallow an inconsistency, has recovered.

A man is said to be ripe for anything when he is a little mellow.

Temple of The Muses.

MAY.

Oh, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silvery tide;
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land
Is creeping to the hills,
The sweet, blue-blosomed violets
Are blowing by the rills;
The lilac has a load of balm
For every wind that 'stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind--
Music in every tree--
Dews from the moisture-loving flowers--
Sweets for the sucking bee;
The sick come forth for the healing South,
The young are gathering flowers;
And life is a tale of poetry,
That is told by golden hours.

If 'tis not a true philosophy,
That the spirit when set free
Still lingers about its olden home,
In the flower and the tree,
It is very strange that our pulses thrill
At the sight of the voiceless thing,
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness,
In the beautiful time of Spring.

SMILES AND TEARS.

The smiles that light some kindred face,
To cheer us when by sorrow bowed,
Are like the glory beams that chase
The darkness from the summer cloud.
Dear, radiant gleamings of the soul
The sunshine of affection's sky--
They lift the heart from grief's control
And wipe the tears from sorrow's eye.

The tear-drops on some kindred cheek,
When joy is mingled with despair,
On spirit's gloom can lift and break
And leave joy's light unclouded there;
Can lift and thrill the trembling heart
And soothe us in life's saddest hours,
And sparkle on the soul as clear
As dews that sleep on fainting flowers.

Love's holy smile and Pity's tear,
Like angel foot-prints from the skies,
They lift us o'er the mortal sphere
And give us gleams of Paradise!
O Smiles and Tears, by these alone,
Have we no higher rapture given
The heart might hope for glory's zone--
The soul might wing its way to Heaven.

LOOK AT IT.—The seceders have called a southern convention to meet in Richmond on the second Monday of June. They make a purely southern and consequently a straight out sectional call. Let the southern people look at the questions and issues straight in the face without dodging. Suppose the South should, under the banner of this Richmond convention, carry every Southern State. What then. Of course the Northern States would in self defence go in a body. Lincoln would be the President elect. What then—one of two things—either the South would be compelled to live under the administration of Mr. Lincoln, or take steps for disunion, and prepare to abide all the consequences of such a position. Which horn of the dilemma are they prepared to choose, or will they rather choose to take neither, by refusing to follow in the lead of dangerous men. If those States whose delegates seceded, will appoint other delegates, who shall go up to Baltimore and proceed to discharge their duty with moderation, discretion and wisdom, the dangers will pass the country by, and not otherwise.

AN APPROPRIATE OPENING.—Since the Chicago Convention is regarded by all sensible men as a sort of menagerie or circus, the managers made an appropriate opening of it on Saturday night last. At the dedication of the "Wigwam" from seven to eight thousand curious people were present, each being charged twenty-five cents admission fee. That is a better "draw" than the "animals" will ever make again. Republicanism turns every one of its devices to pecuniary profit for the managers of the concern. That, however, is about all it does do, there being no State in the Union in which it has obtained power, wherein the interests of the people have not suffered sadly by its operations.—*Ohio Statesman.*

A Sound Kettell in a Strange Place.

The New York Methodist Conference were in session last week, and in a torment upon slavery, as usual. The immediate subject of discussion was certain resolutions from Erie to change the reading of the Discipline, so as to make slaveholding instead of slavetrading a ground of disqualification. The only remarkable thing we see in the discussion, was a speech by the Rev. George W. Kettell, who deserves immortal honor for his courage and boldness in telling so much plain truth before such an auditory. The brethren, it is true, received his suggestions as so much nonsense, unworthy of serious attention, but all this made his effort the more meritorious in its conception and execution. We quote some of the clear ringing of this sound Kettell—it is a wonder so much good sense on the slavery topic ever found expression in the New York Conference:

All the rhetoric expended about people owning the bodies and souls of slaves was nonsense. The southerners only owned the right to make their slaves work, and to convey them from one place to another to make them do so. At Athens and Rome, the bodies and souls were owned, but in our day slaves were treated with kindness, and cruelty to them was punished severely. Slavery, as it now existed, was not a sin. The question was, whether they should let loose 4,000,000 of paupers upon the world? He depicted the natural degradation of the negro race, and insisted that they were best off as at present. The negro in the West Indies was incapable of taking care of himself. Emancipation had blighted one-half of the finest of the Antilles. This was proved incontestably. Toussaint l'Ouverture discerned the evils of freedom to the blacks, and established the famous "Rural Code," with the intent to finally enslave all his race. Go where you would in our own North, and the negroes were an idle set. If Slavery had degraded the negro, why didn't Freedom elevate him? He affirmed most emphatically, that under God's Providence, Slavery in America had been the only thing which had elevated the negro race, and he was a bold man who would dare deny it! In morals, health, and civilization, the slaves were far above the free negroes. Many statistics were given to show this. Mr. Wesley was often quoted as having said that "American Slavery was the vilest system under the sun." Mr. Wesley must have been blinded by prejudice, or he would never have made such a remark. Folks said we were cottonized. It was a blessed thing for us that we were. The wealth flowing to us from the Southern cotton crop alone kept alive our institutions. The Speaker here went on to contrast the products of the South and of the North, finding an enormous ratio in favor of the former, and ending with the conclusion that we were the ones who were actually deriving the most benefit from the institution of Slavery? Didn't his brother love coffee and sugar, and he was sorry to say, tobacco? Did they ever think of abolishing Slavery by giving up slave products? It was something very curious to see a brother get up and make an Anti-Slavery speech, with a cotton shirt on his back, and tobacco in his mouth. (Great laughter.) If Slavery was a relic of barbarism, 'twas because the negroes were barbarians; all this talk about their being equal with us, he didn't believe a word of! 'Twas all nonsense and sophistry. Attempts to alter Southern institutions by such talk made him think of the European rival villages, "Great Barre," and "Little Barre." The people in the latter place built a lofty steeple, with a wonderful clock in it, looking toward the rival village, from which the semblance of a human countenance loomed forth and made faces at Great Barre, whenever the clock struck the hour of the day. This was what we were engaged in doing—making faces at the South, and he didn't think it was very dignified, or that it would result in much in the end.—(Great merriment and confusion.)

A STRANGE AND EXCITING SCENE IN A COURT OF LAW.—In the Probate Court of Cincinnati, says the Gazette, an interesting trial occurred before Judge Hilton, involving the right to custody of a child. The decision of the Judge, taking the child from the care of a party to whom she had been confided by the Orphan Asylum, and giving her to a mother and step-father regarded as of bad character, excited great dissatisfaction among the by-standers, and some, among whom was N. Longworth, Esq., were disposed to interfere forcibly to prevent the transfer of the child. The step-father then stepped around to take the child, who had been sitting in the lap of one of the ladies present. The little thing drew back from him in apparent terror, and in an imploring manner, with tears, called out to the Judge, "Oh Judge, do not give me to him!" This caused considerable emotion, and Gaffney showing a disposition to assert the right the Court had declared in his behalf, several persons gathered around. Mr. Longworth, in an excited manner, said "let the mob interfere!" but the first man who attempted it was instantly taken hold of by the officers present and thrown out of the room. Mrs. Weightman, the wife of the respondent, overcome by the excitement of the entire proceedings, fainted; the little child wept bitterly and clung to the friends that had adopted it. Many of the ladies wrung their hands, and declared it would be ruined if it left them. The whole court-room was turned into a scene of confusion; and the Judge as a matter of discretion under the circumstances, directed Sheriff Kesler to take the custody of the child until further orders.

TO THOSE WHO WRITE FOR THE PRESS.—It would be a great favor to editors and printers, should those who write for the press observe the following rules. They are reasonable, and correspondents should regard them as such:

1. Write with black ink, on white paper, with ruled lines.
2. Make the pages smaller than that of foolscap sheet.
3. Leave one page of each sheet blank.
4. Give to the written page an ample margin all round.
5. Number the pages in the order of their succession.
6. Write in a plain, bold hand, with less respect to beauty.
7. Use no abbreviations which are not to appear in print.
8. Punctuate the manuscript as it should be printed.
9. For italics, underscore one line; for small capitals, two; capitals three.
10. Take special pains with every letter in proper names.
11. Review every word, to be sure that none is illegible.
12. Put directions to the printer at the head of the page.
13. Never write a private letter to the editor on the printer's copy, but always on a separate sheet.

"Well, I know nothing about men's hair," said old Mrs. Grimchick, to an acquaintance of the scandal tribe; "but there's our friend Mrs. Davis, who has been just twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years, to my knowledge. Her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense that her hair turned completely black within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event. Singular, wasn't it?" "Very!" replied the other. "Isn't there a hair-dresser's shop at the corner of the street?"

The total value of property belong to the Methodist Church, North, is estimated at upwards of $22,000,000.

Stronger than Ever.

We look upon the Democratic party to-day as a stronger, a purer and a better party than it has been for years. For disguise it as some would, yet, it was nevertheless a fact, that within our organization there were extremists and those who regarded the union of these States as a matter of little consequence.—The charge of harboring disunionists with our party has been made upon us, not only by northern Opposition but by the southern Opposition, and the charge has had the effect of driving off from our ranks many a conservative man, who had respect for the inheritance that had been handed down from the earliest times, the Federal Union. These extremists had hoped so to control the Democratic party as to make it a southern sectional party, but failing to accomplish their designs, seceded and organized themselves into a seceding sectional party. They rallied under the immediate lead of William L. Yancey, of Alabama, a man whose political life shows him to be radical and without the proper balances. In 1848 he left the Democratic party and staid out until in 1856—if our memory serve us rightly.

Then but a year or two since, it was he, who originated the Southern *league movement* and distributed secret circulars to advance the cause. It is needless to say that his movement was a grand failure. True, in his recent speech at Charleston convention, he says nothing openly about disunion, but those who knew him best understand him best. He seems to draw the South on step by step, until he commits them, and at the proper time to sound the alarm: In our opinion William L. Yancey is a dangerous leader for the southern people, and we hesitate not in staking our opinion that, upon cool, mature and deliberate reflection, there is not a single solitary State, not even Alabama, that will go with him.—His present movement will only have the effect of ridding the Democratic party of the extremists and then, holding an intermediate position between the abolition fanatics of the North, and the disunionists of the South, the good men of all sections will rally around the Democratic colors.

SEGARS AND LAGER IN THE QUAKER CITY.—There are about one thousand manufacturers of segars in Philadelphia, thirty of whom employ from ten to sixty-five hands, in all about four thousand employees.—If each hand makes fifteen hundred segars per week, a minimum amount, the weekly production is 6,000,000, or 312,000,000 segars per year.

Of ale and porter there are nine breweries. Of lager beer, there are about thirty breweries, producing 180,000 barrels of lager. There are five distilleries in the city, which produced in 1859, 2,100,000 gallons of whiskey. There are eight firms engaged in *rectifying whiskey*, having a capital invested of $1,250,000, and whose business, in 1857, amounted to $2,524,500. In addition to these there are about three hundred wholesale dealers and importers in wine, brandies, etc.

It is said that the deaths by consumption among the stone-cutters of Quincy, Milton, Rockfort, and the marble works of Vermont, since they have ceased shaving, have decreased fifty per cent. Thousands of artizans, whose employment is prejudicial to healthy lungs, have decreased their liability to disease in the same or a greater proportion, by letting the moustache grow.

A child ten months old, son of B. F. Thompson, is said to have died recently in Providence, R. I., from having its breath sucked by a dog.

A man named Turbott eloped with his step daughter, a few days since, from Hicksburg, Md; the scoundrel having previously corrupted her.